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# THE MAN ELEPHANT

## A BOOK OF AFRICAN FAIRY TALES





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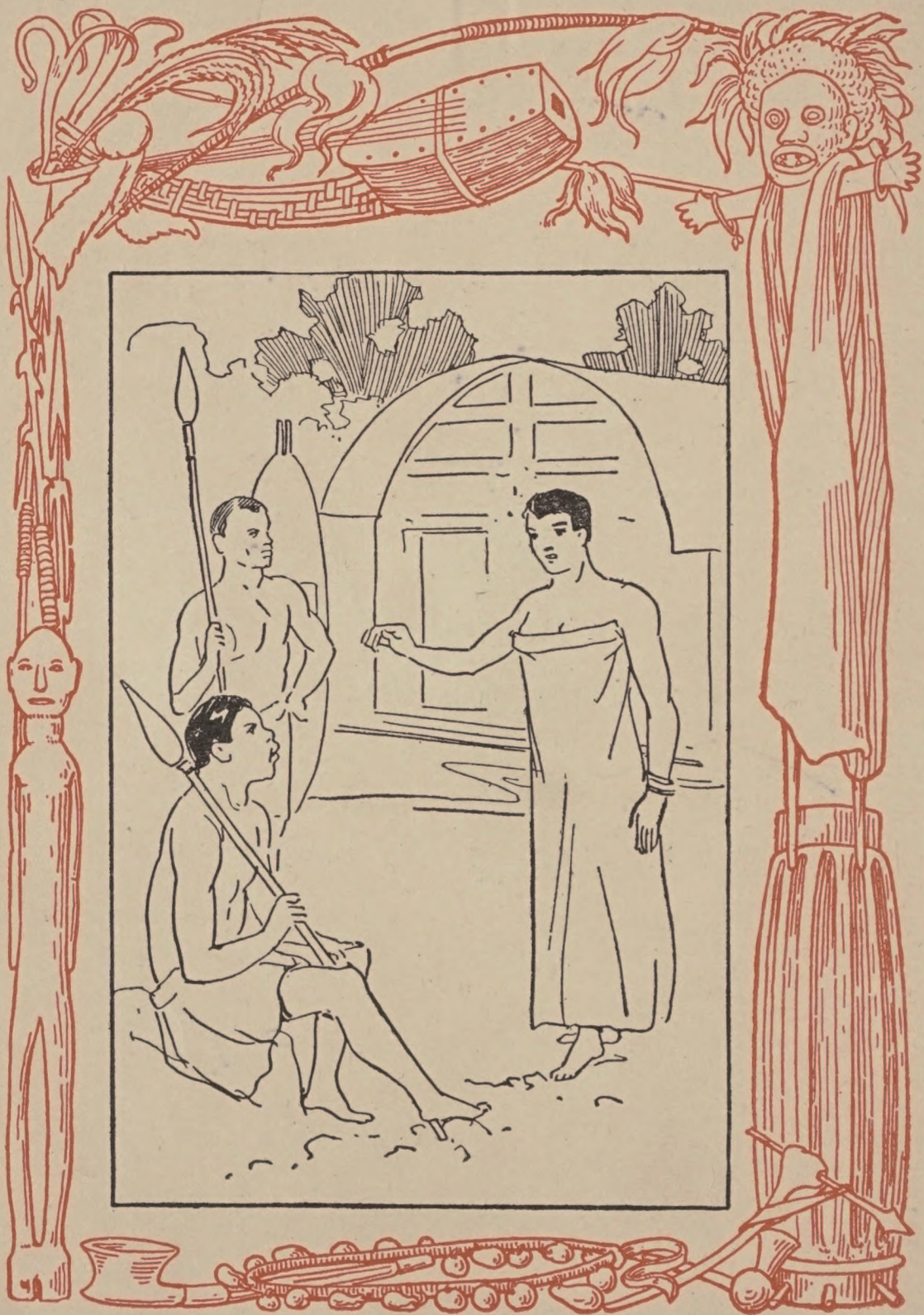
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# AFRICAN FAIRY TALES





ALTEMUS' FAIRY TALES SERIES



# The MAN ELEPHANT

## A Book of African Fairy Tales

EDITED with an INTRODUCTION

By HARTWELL JAMES

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOHN R. NEILL

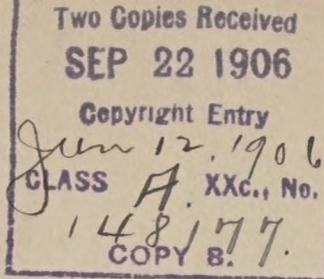
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PHILADELPHIA

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY



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# Altemus'

Illustrated

## Fairy Tales Series

The Magic Bed

A Book of East Indian Tales

The Cat and the Mouse

A Book of Persian Tales

The Jeweled Sea

A Book of Chinese Tales

The Magic Jaw Bone

A Book of South Sea Islands Tales

The Man Elephant

A Book of African Tales

The Enchanted Castle

A Book of Tales from Flower Land

Fifty Cents Each

Copyright, 1906

By Henry Altemus



A series of fairy tales from different countries would be incomplete without a book of stories from Africa, which for many years was called the "Dark Continent."

We are very largely indebted to travelers, explorers, and missionaries for African legends and stories. Those in this book were told to them by the natives themselves in dark and gloomy forests, and by the great, brown rivers of that wonderful land. They are not so much about princes and princesses as are the fairy tales of other countries, but are more about animals—elephants, and lions, and jackals.

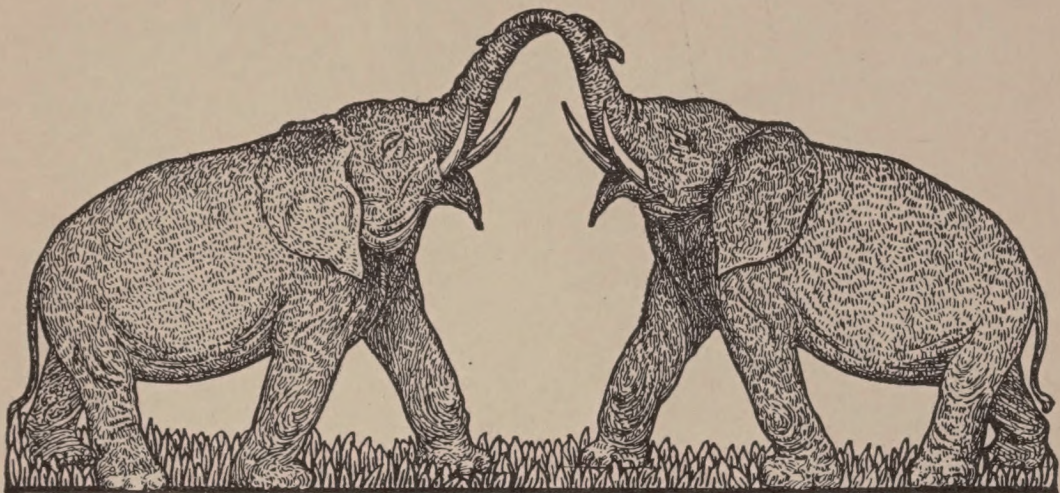
There is plenty of magic in these stories, however.

## INTRODUCTION

Ramil, the witch mother, used it on her elephant son; the hunter's wife in "The Master Weaver" rubbed a stronger magic "medicine" on her husband's spear than he had been using, and so had her way about things; and The Flying Lion never would have lost the power of using his wings if the beautiful girl with red flowers in her hair and a gold bracelet on her arm had not learned how to make an invisible robe for herself. "King Mungo" is a very funny story, and in "Uncle Lion" we are told how the phrase "taking the lion's share" originated. All of these tales are extremely interesting.

The borders and other decorations in the book will be of great interest to young people, for they represent musical instruments, headdresses, war clubs, war drums, spears, belts, idols, and other rude objects used by African tribes hundreds of years ago.

H. J.



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THE MAN ELEPHANT







## The Man Elephant

Parle deserved a better husband than the Man Elephant, but one of Ramil's spells, happily remembered, clears up the situation; and Lomi, by inference, cooks his own fish.



PARLE was a very pretty girl who lived with her father and mother and two brothers in a hut by the side of an African river.

It was not a pleasant river at all, for it was brown in color, and flowed through a dark and gloomy forest of great trees and closely woven vines. There were croco-

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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diles, too, in the ugly black river, and Parle was afraid to bathe in it.

Although one would hardly believe it, Parle grew up very happily in this little clearing by the river, and never had a real grief until her two brothers left home to go hunting, and would not take her with them.

"You will see the moon rise and set many times before we come back," they said, "but when we come, we will find you a good husband, and we will dance merrily at your wedding."

"Let me go with you, and hunt the elephant," she pleaded. "I don't want a husband; I want to go with you."

"The cooking-pot is better than the spear for girls," said the older brother decidedly, "and you must stay at home."

"But I want to go so much," still pleaded the girl, "for you may find the great river Ramil has told us about so often."

"What river is that?" they asked.

"Why Ramil says the first men who were  
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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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ever made, lived by the side of a great river—up there,” she answered, pointing vaguely towards the north.

“She says the men were all black; but some of



them swam across to the other side, and the water washed them white. Since then the white men are always stretching out their hands and calling to the blacks to come across to them.”

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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“Oh, that Ramil is full of silly stories,” said the older brother. “I don’t believe them.”

“But the white men do come from over there,” persisted Parle, gazing northward as if she could see the river in the distance. “I should like to swim across and be washed white, too!”

The younger brother thought this the most foolish speech he had ever heard. “Well,” he said. “there is no accounting for some people’s tastes!”

Then the brothers rubbed their spears with some kind of grease which they believed would kill elephants, and as they did so they sang:

“When mine enemy thou shalt see,  
Black and tall like an ebony-tree,  
Sing softly, softly, little spear,  
As to his heart thou drawest near.”

Early the next morning the two brothers started on the expedition, leaving their sister behind. In her loneliness, she visited the witch-doctress, Ramil, oftener than she had ever done before, and led her

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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on to talk of the river far away beyond the forest, and the white men on the other side of it.

"The best thing for you to do," said Ramil, "that is, if you really want to go there, is to marry my son. Then he can carry you on his back through the forest."

"I should be too heavy," said Parle, shaking her pretty head; "and besides, I don't want to marry anyone."

"You could not be too heavy for my son," replied the witch. "His legs are as thick as tree-trunks, and he stands twelve feet high at least."

"As for not wanting a husband," continued Ramil; "that is what all girls say, but they don't mean it."

"I wouldn't want to marry a giant," said Parle.

"Oh, he isn't a giant. He is—but never mind—wait till you see him," replied Ramil mysteriously, for she was determined to marry Parle to her son, if possible.

So that evening, when the moon was shining softly through the trees, she stole away to the place

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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where her son was usually to be found at night, and by and by she came across him at the edge of a swamp, where he had been rolling about in the muddy water.

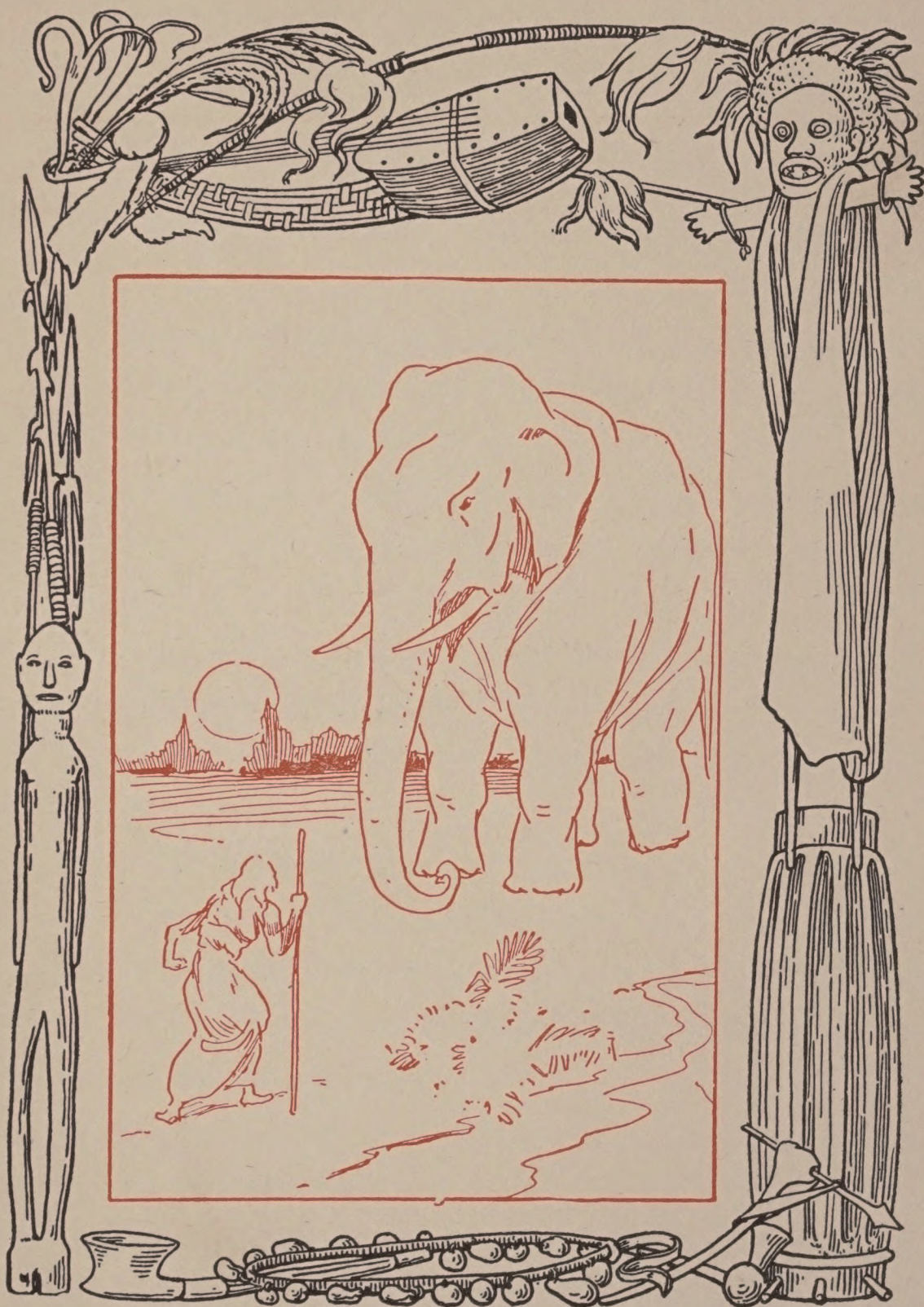
He was twelve feet high, and had legs like tree-trunks, as she had said; for Ramil's son was nothing more nor less than a big black elephant, and that very day he had nearly been killed by Parle's brothers.

"What do you want of me now, little mother?" he asked, rubbing himself gently against a tree.

"It is time you had a wife," she replied. "I have found the prettiest little wife for you, but she will never consent to marry an elephant. You will have to let me turn you into a bushman for a little while."

"How will you do it? and why is it necessary?" asked her son suspiciously. You see, he knew his mother was a witch.

"If you eat one of these," replied his mother, showing him some leaves she had picked on her way through the forest, "you will become a hand-





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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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some young bushman, who can woo the girl and marry her.

"Then when you have carried off your bride, you can eat another leaf, and then you will be changed into an elephant again."

"Can she cook fish and make cakes?" asked the elephant; "and is she really a pretty girl, my mother?"

"Indeed she is pretty," said Ramil, noticing that her son's eyes twinkled. "She is as sweet as the wild mango blossoms when they fall to the ground in the spring.

"And as to her cooking," she went on; "I have tasted her baked fish and her broth." And Ramil rolled her eyes, remembering how good they had been, and pleased to see a look of satisfaction stealing over her son's face.

"I do get so tired of plantain leaves," said the elephant plaintively.

"No wonder. That's because your mother wasn't an elephant. Well, she will need a big

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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cooking-pot! One baked fish will never satisfy you."

So Ramil persuaded her son to eat one of the leaves, and as soon as he had done it his four legs became two, and his clumsy body changed into that of a tall, well-made young bushman.

Then he took a spear in his hand and went with his mother to the door of Parle's hut, who thought he was the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

"But you said he was twelve feet high, and that his legs were like tree-trunks," she cried.

And the cunning old woman answered, "That was because he was under a spell. He is cured now." So Parle promised to be his wife, and after they were married he took her away with him into the forest.

But they did not travel north as he had promised, towards the great river which washed black people white. Instead, they went south, always south, towards the plains where the elephant hunters were

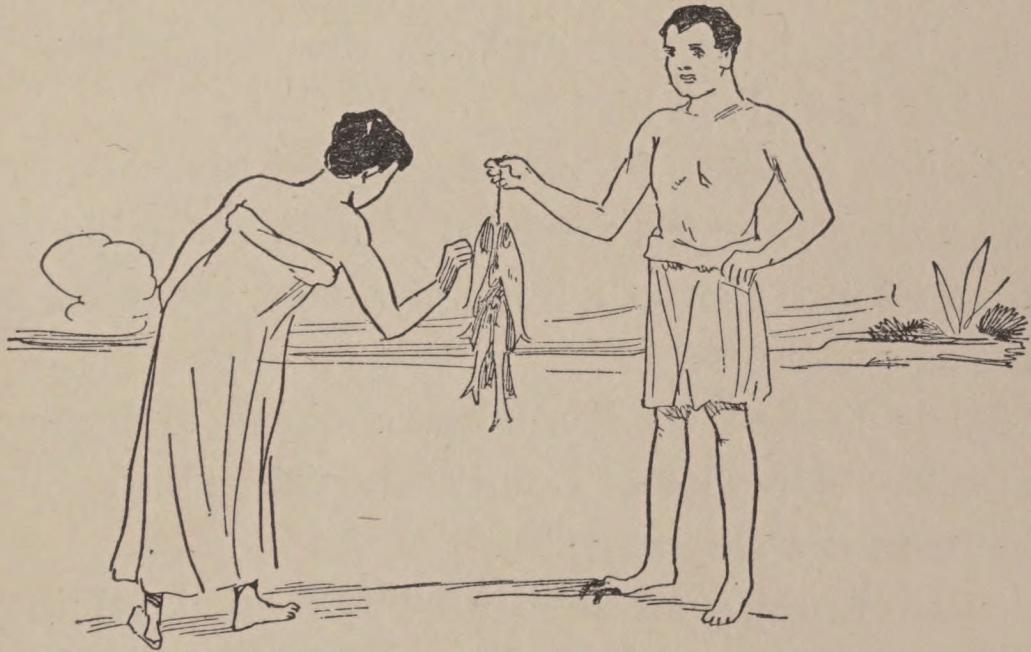
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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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few, and where her husband thought he might live in peace with his wife.

By and by they came to a beautiful country covered with green grass and flowers, for it was early spring, and there he built her a hut. "Now I will



go fishing," he said, "and you shall cook my supper when I come back."

When he came back, he brought with him thirty fish; and when Parle saw them, she said, "three would have been enough."

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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"I want them all cooked," replied her husband.  
"Thirty will not be too many."

"But see how large they are!" insisted his wife.

"That makes no difference. Do as I tell you!"  
he answered sternly.

So Parle began to cook them, while her husband went behind the hut and ate the second leaf his mother had given him.

And as soon as he had done this, his nose grew into a trunk and his teeth into tusks, while his body changed into that of a huge elephant, standing four feet above the roof!

Parle looked up from her cooking and gave a scream. "Oh, Lomi! Lomi!" she called out. "Save me from the elephant!"

"I am Lomi, your husband," he replied, talking to her across the roof of the hut. "Don't be frightened."

"But I am frightened!" cried the poor girl, crouching on the ground and holding her face in her hands, while her husband told her the story of the trick he had played on her.

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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“Now all you have to do is to please me,” he went on, “or it will be the worse for you.

“I am tired of elephant food, and want broth, baked meat, plenty of fish, and all the good things bushmen eat. I will go and hunt for them, and it



will be your business to see that they are properly cooked.”

So poor Parle had to cook from morning until night to satisfy her husband's appetite. He brought home springbok and gemsbok—small deer

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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which roamed about the plains—and she made broths and stews of them, as her mother had taught her.

How she did have to work! Instead of running



out in the morning to gather flowers, she had to go fishing, or to collect eggs to put into the soups. She grew so ill and thin that none would have known her for the same pretty girl who had left home with the young bushman.

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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But every day, when she came out of her hut, she shaded her eyes from the sun, and looked across the plain to see if there were any travelers coming from the north. "Some day my brothers may find me," she thought.

So the days went on until one morning her husband's breakfast did not please him, and he was so angry that he snatched her up in his trunk and put her right up on top of a tree which grew near the hut. "You shall stay there until I come back," he said.

It was not much of a punishment, and his wife did not mind it at all, for it was rather pleasant than otherwise. There was no cooking to be done up there, and she could see much farther over the plain from the top of the tree.

So Parle looked and looked, always to the north, all the morning, but in vain. At last, about noon, two black dots appeared on the line where the plain met the sky, and Parle forgot how hungry she was as she watched the dots grow larger and larger.

"I wonder if they are lions," she thought. "No,

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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they are men!" she cried aloud. In an hour she could see that they were bushmen, coming swiftly across the plains; and in a little while she recog-



nized her brothers, who had traveled all this way to find her and hear if she was happy.

It did not take long for the oldest brother to climb the tree and bring her down. And then how glad they were to see each other! Parle cooked

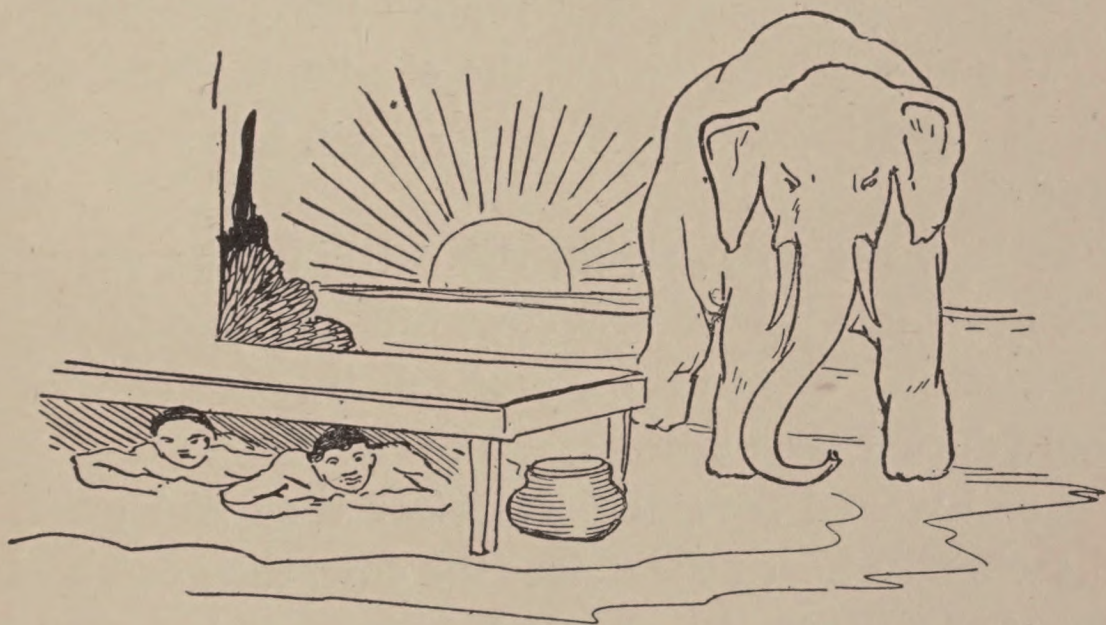
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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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them some food and while they were eating it she told them how unhappy she was, and made them promise to take her away.

Then they planned how to get away. "We must wait until night, or Lomi will catch us," she told them. "I will hide you until it is safe to start."



There was a raised wooden platform behind the hut, and underneath it Parle kept firewood, rugs to sleep on, and all kinds of things for which there was not room in the hut. So she stowed away her brothers in there; and when Lomi came home,

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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although he sniffed suspiciously around the hut, he did not catch a glimpse of them.

Then at midnight when Lomi was fast asleep, his wife roused her brothers, and they prepared to leave. "We are going to kill the elephant," whispered the older brother.

"Indeed, you must not," replied Parle decidedly.

"If you won't let us kill the elephant, you must let us take his cattle, at least," said the younger brother.

So they set out, driving the cattle before them; but Parle left behind one cow, one sheep, and one goat, telling them to make as much noise as they could during the night.

Lomi waked several times after they had gone, but when he heard the noises the cow, the goat, and the sheep made, he concluded that all his cattle were safe, and went to sleep again each time.

Early in the morning he found out his mistake, but by this time Parle and her brothers were far away across the plain. Soon he was in pursuit of them, and how fast he did tear over the ground!





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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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Driving the cattle before them, Parle and her brothers flew on and on; but the terrible elephant got over the ground much more quickly than they could, and at last was only a half a mile away.

And as if to make it worse, right ahead of them were great rocks, too steep to climb, and so high they seemed to touch the sky. Then they gave themselves up for lost.

But just then Parle remembered a spell which Ramil, the witch, had taught her, and cried out:

“By the lilies which grow  
On the still lagoon,  
All silver-white  
Under the moon,  
Stone of my fathers,  
Divide! Divide!  
Let us pass through  
To the other side.”

As the words ceased, the rocks opened, and Parle with her brothers and the cattle went safely through.

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## THE MAN ELEPHANT

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And how angry Lomi was when he saw the rocks close behind them!

On the other side there was a beautiful lagoon shining in the silvery moonlight, with white lilies floating on the water, and it looked so beautiful that Parle ran, with a cry of joy, to bathe her face and hands in it.

“I wonder if Ramil’s spell brought it here? Or was it here all the time?” she cried in bewilderment.

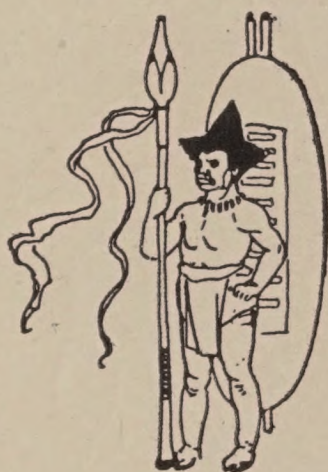
So Parle and her brothers rested there for a time, and then went on again to try and find the river of which Ramil had told them so often. It would be nice to know whether they found it or not, and were washed white in its waters, but you will have to decide that for yourselves.

There is one thing quite sure, however, and that is, Lomi never saw Parle again, which served him quite right.

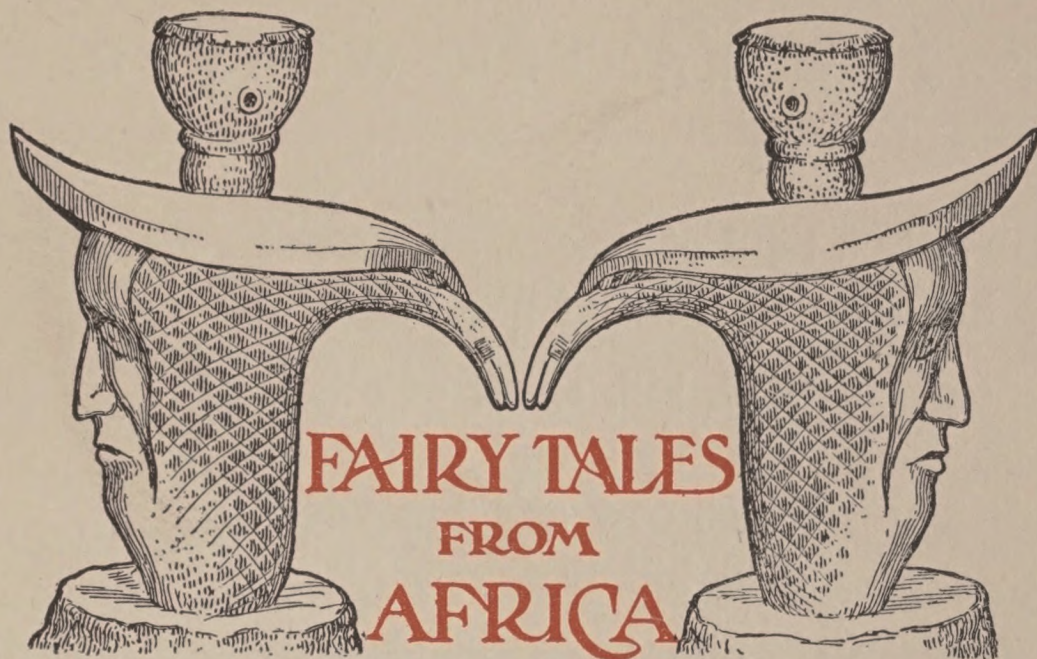
# THE MASTER WEAVER











## The Master Weaver

It is unwise to change the medicine on one's husband's spear, as Sassa found out to her sorrow. Still, she acquired a much handsomer frock as a resultant occurrence.



UNTIL he married Sassa, Malla was a great hunter—the greatest in his tribe, for he never failed to bring home game when he went hunting in the bush.

Malla used to put medicine on his spear—at least that is what he called it—but it

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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was only a kind of grease, and then he would hold up his spear in front of him and say:

“Kill, kill, spear of mine,  
Earth-pig and porcupine,  
Bush-cow and bush-deer,  
Kill, kill, little spear.”

It was very odd, but after he married Sassa, his spear was always getting fast in the trees, or gliding past the bush-cows without touching them. The fact was, Sassa did not want him to go hunting, and as she knew a better charm than his, she rubbed a different medicine onto the spear after he had finished with it. And this is what she would say:

“Bush-deer and bush-cow,  
Say, who shall hurt you now?  
By my spell you shall be  
Safe and free, safe and free.”

Malla did not know this, of course, and one day he went out after a big, savage bush-cow. He threw his spear as skilfully as usual, but it passed

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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through the animal's horns and struck a tree. Then the bush-cow rushed furiously upon him, and gored him, injuring him so much that he could hardly creep home.

As he lay in his hut, in great pain, his friends found out that it was Sassa's fault that he got hurt, and they punished her for it. They need not have done so, for Sassa was punished sufficiently by seeing her husband in pain, and she nursed him very tenderly.

One day she said to him, "I witched your spear to make you give up hunting, because it is so dangerous."

"I shall never give it up while I can drag myself into the bush," said her husband. "Once a hunter, always a hunter, Sassa."

Long before he had recovered from his wounds, and while he was too weak to walk, he would creep on his hands and knees into the bush, and lie there all day. His wife tried to persuade him to stay in the hut, but he said if he couldn't hunt the animals, he could at least watch them.

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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One day as Malla was lying on his back, looking up at the trees, he saw a spider making a net, so he



said to him, "You also, my lord spider, are a great hunter."

"If you had made a trap like this, and caught the

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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bush-cow in it, you would not have been hurt," replied the spider.

"It would have been much better," Malla agreed.



"I think I will make a net of bush-rope."

Now bush-rope is the stem of a creeping plant which grows in African forests, and is very strong

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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and tough; so Malla took the thickest he could find, and made a net, and put it between two bushes.

Then in the morning when he went to look at it, he found bush-deer, earth-pigs, and porcupines struggling in it. "I told you it would be a good thing," said the spider.

Then Malla made another net, and it was made better than the first, and then he made a third one which was better still, and made of finer rope.

One day Sassa said to him, "If you could weave a very fine net, I would wear it;" for like all the other women who lived in the forest, she had nothing to wear but a kind of coarse cloth made of bark, which shrank when it was wet.

Malla said he was willing to try, but he could not make the cloth of the right shape, and so he went to the spider again.

"I make my net on sticks," said the spider; "and you must do the same thing. But why should you, who are a mighty hunter, waste your time making dresses for your wife?"

Then Malla hunted around until he found some

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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very fine rope, and fixed his sticks near the spider's web, so he could see just how he made it. Then he



wove a piece of cloth which was the right shape, and pleased Sassa very much.

One day she showed him a place where some long, silky grass grew, and then said to him, "If

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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you can make the cloth of this grass, instead of the bush-rope, it would be finer still."

So Malla showed some of it to the spider. "I



have made nets of thick bush-rope and thin bush-rope. Can I make one out of this?" he asked.

Then the spider growled out, "Women are never satisfied," but he was a good-natured spider on the whole, and showed Malla how to weave a fine,

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

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beautiful cloth of grass, of which Sassa was very proud.



All the other women envied her as she wrapped herself in it and walked past the other huts. "How lucky she is," they said. "Her husband is not only

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## THE MASTER WEAVER

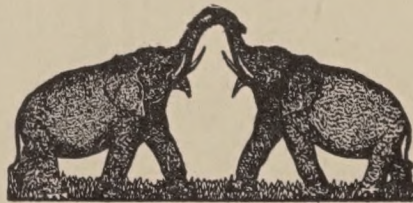
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a mighty hunter, but he can make finer cloth than anyone else."

Malla continued to make bush-rope nets to catch game, and was so successful that he and his friends feasted all the year round.

Both he and Sassa lived to a great age, and saw their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Even when he was old and grey-headed, he was called "The Great Hunter;" but when they called him, in addition, "The Master Weaver," he would point to the bush where the spider wove his silvery web:

"He taught me all I know," he said. "He is the Master Weaver!"



# THE FLYING LION











## The Flying Lion

The wonder is that the Great Frog did not meet a princess with gold bracelets on her arms and red flowers in her hair, sooner than he did. However, it is an excellent story.



NE of the most clever girls who ever lived was a king's daughter named Pearl Blossom. She was so clever that every one came to her for advice.

She knew what medicine to give people when they were sick, the kind of herbs and

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## THE FLYING LION

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plants which were good to eat, and the crops which would grow best in different kinds of soil.

She could tell when it was going to rain, and when the rain would clear; and she understood what animals said to each other. There was just one thing she did not know, and that was how to get rid of the Flying Lion.

Now the Flying Lion was a very terrible beast. He devoured everything he came across; and had built himself a house, or palace, of the bones of the creatures he had eaten.

Pearl Blossom would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for the Flying Lion, for the very thought of him made her sad.

"He is like a cloud hanging over our village," she said to her father, one day. "When the women go to the river to wash, or the children go outdoors to play, no one knows how many will come back."

"It is a terrible thing to think about, of course," replied her father. "Some one should get rid of him, but a woman cannot do it. Don't think about the Flying Lion."

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## THE FLYING LION

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You see, the old King had no great opinion of his daughter's abilities, and he thought her rather spoiled by the fuss his people made over her. But this was not so. Pearl Blossom was too sensible to



be conceited. She was kind and good, and wanted to help others as much as possible.

One morning, Pearl Blossom went into the forest to gather roots, and pretty soon came to a place where a tall woman was sitting at the foot of a cotton-tree.

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## THE FLYING LION

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The woman was fair of face, with hair like red gold, and she wore a long, trailing white garment. "Who are you?" asked Pearl Blossom. "I never saw you before."

"You haven't seen me before, although I have always been here," the woman replied. "I whispered in your ear all you know about the things in the forest. How did you think you learned so much about animals and plants?"

"Why, I just thought about them as I sat under the trees," said Pearl Blossom, after a little pause.

"It was I who taught you," said the woman. "My name is Gulu, and I live inside the cotton-tree. Would you like to see my home?"

"Indeed I would," said Pearl Blossom.

So Gulu led her through the door into the tree, and there was the loveliest little house she had ever seen. The carpet was green moss, the walls were covered with beautiful flowers, and it was lighted by fire-flies and glow-worms.

Pearl Blossom was delighted with what she saw, and said so. Then she and Gulu sat down and began

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## THE FLYING LION

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to talk. "We are old friends; for although you have never seen me, I have told you nearly all my secrets. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"I want to know how to get rid of the Flying Lion," replied Pearl Blossom. "Can you tell me how to do it?"

Gulu was silent for quite a little while. Then at length she said: "It will be rather difficult; yes, the most difficult thing you could have asked me. But if you will stay with me for three months, it can be done."

"Why must I stay three whole months?" asked Pearl Blossom.

"Because, in the first place it will take you a month to weave an invisible robe for yourself; and unless you have one, you can't meddle with the Flying Lion."

"I suppose if he should see me, that would be the end of it."

"Indeed it would, and of you, too," said Gulu. "Then after the robe is made, you will have to learn the language of the crows and the frogs. That will

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## THE FLYING LION

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take two months, because they are more difficult to understand than the rest of the animals."

"But I must go home first and tell my parents where I am."

"Indeed you must not," replied Gulu. "No one must know where you are, or the Flying Lion will hear of it and know what you are doing."

"I must get rid of the Flying Lion," said Pearl Blossom; "so it will be best for me to stay."

But the King and Queen were distracted with grief when night came and the Princess had not come back from the forest, so they sent the bushmen in every direction in search of her. They sought for many days, but could not find her, and every one thought the Flying Lion had eaten her.

All this time Pearl Blossom sat in the cotton-tree house weaving herself a robe which would make her invisible wherever she went. And when it was finished she learned the language of the crows and the frogs.

Then, when the three months were at an end, Gulu told her she would better go and listen to the

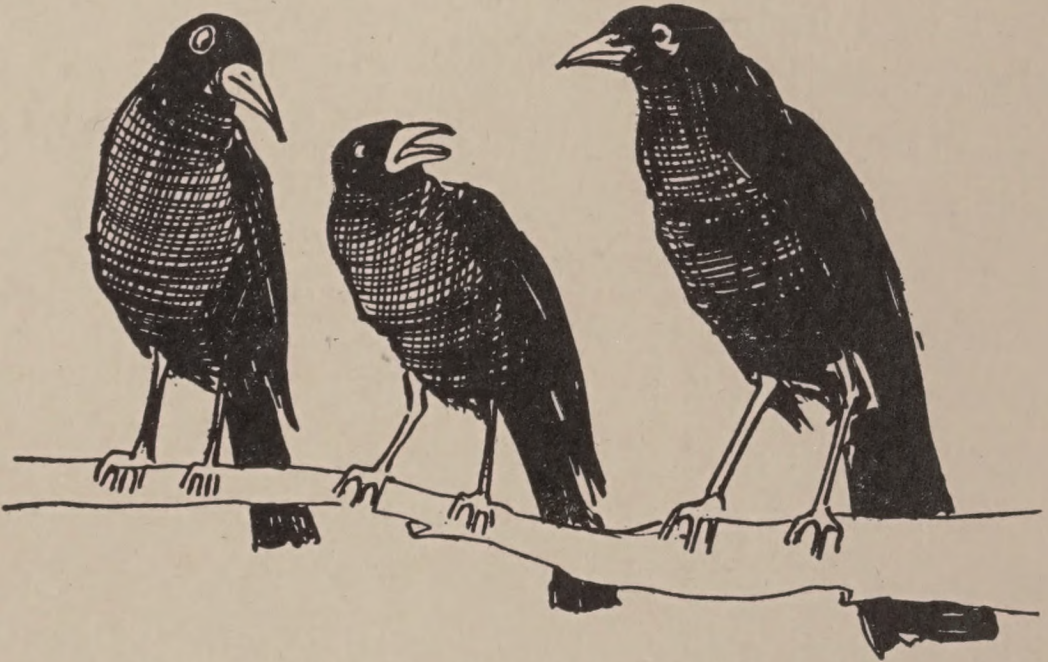
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## THE FLYING LION

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crows in the forest and find out what to do about the Flying Lion.

So Pearl Blossom put on her invisible robe and crept up close to the crows to hear what they had to say.



“I don’t know just what it is,” said one of them, “but there is some secret about his wings. The white crows know it, but they dare not tell.”

“He leaves two white crows to guard the bones every day when he goes hunting,” said a young

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## THE FLYING LION

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crow. "There are piles and piles of them, and he won't have one of them broken. I have seen them," he added proudly.

"What is all this about bones?" asked a very old crow. He could not fly as far as the younger ones, and was inclined not to pay much attention to their wonderful tales.

"Why, the bones of the creatures the Flying Lion has eaten," replied the young crow. "He has built a house with them over there where the sun goes down," nodding towards the west. "I know it, for I have seen it," he added, puffing out his breast with a great deal of importance.

"I must see that house myself," thought Pearl Blossom; "and I must hear what the white crows say to each other. Perhaps they will let out the secret."

So Pearl Blossom went away through the forest, and walked for a long time before she reached the house where the white crows were.

The way through the forest was very difficult, too. Sometimes the bush-rose caught her feet and

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## THE FLYING LION

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threw her down; sometimes she had to creep over great fallen trees; and again she had to creep under bushes.



It was very fortunate that she could talk to the animals, for the bush-crows and the monkeys and

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## THE FLYING LION

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the snails showed her the way, and were all very kind to her.

It took some time for them to get used to her way of appearing and disappearing, and of course, it puzzled them, for she had to slip off her invisible robe while she spoke to them.

“Human beings are queer creatures at the best of times,” said the snake to the monkey. “Being a Princess makes her a little queerer, I suppose.”

The white crows were flying round and round the Flying Lion’s house when Pearl Blossom got there. The house was very large, all built of bones, and there was a pile of bones in front of it three times as high as the Princess. After a while the white crows settled on a tree near her, and began to talk.

“I wish I knew one thing,” said the first one. “Why doesn’t he want any of the bones broken? Can you tell me that?”

“The only person who knows is the Great Frog,” answered the other.

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## THE FLYING LION

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Pearl Blossom was disappointed. "They don't know the secret after all," she said to herself.

"What Great Frog?" asked one of the crows. "Do you mean the Great Frog who lives in the pond behind the house?"

The other crow nodded his head.

"But he won't tell it until he is asked by a Prin-



cess with gold bracelets on her arm and red flowers in her hair. I have heard that ever since I was born."

The moment Pearl Blossom heard this, she hur-

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ried away to the pond behind the house, for she had gold bracelets on her arm and red flowers in her hair.

The Great Frog was sunning himself on the bank when the Princess came up. He was green in color, with a white chest, and he was three feet high and one foot broad.

Pearl Blossom, who never knew what it was to be afraid, slipped off her invisible robe and went up to him.

"Well," he said when he learned what Pearl Blossom wanted, "if the Flying Lion is doing as much damage as that, it is time to stop him."

"But can you do it?" asked Pearl Blossom anxiously.

"Anyone can do it who knows the secret of the bones," replied the Great Frog. "If the bones are broken, he won't be able to fly any more."

"Then will you go and break them?" asked the Princess.



5 - The Man Elephant



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## THE FLYING LION

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“Nothing would give me more pleasure,” replied the frog politely, and off he went by leaps and bounds to the Flying Lion’s house, and pulled it down and broke all the bones in pieces.

Then he called out to the white crows: “Tell



your master, if he wants me, to come to the pond and look for me!”

Pretty soon the lion came crashing through the bushes in a great rage.

“I can’t fly!” he cried out. “What have you done that I can’t fly?” he asked the white crows.

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## THE FLYING LION

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“We haven’t done anything,” they replied. “The Great Frog has been here and broken the bones. He says if you want him you may go to the pond.”

Then the lion stopped roaring and crept softly towards the water to catch the frog, who was sitting on the bank. But the Great Frog slipped into



the water just as he was within a yard of him, and dived to the other side and sat there.

• Then the lion crept round to the other side, but again the frog was too quick for him, and he could not catch him. He tried time and time again to catch him, but at last had to give it up and go away.

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## THE FLYING LION

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Since then lions have never had any wings, but are obliged to walk on their feet like other animals.

As for Pearl Blossom, the Great Frog had fallen so much in love with her that he wanted to marry her. She thanked him, but now that the lion had lost his wings she must go back to her father and mother.

And how delighted her parents were to see her; and when the people of the village heard that the Flying Lion would trouble them no more, there was great feasting and rejoicing in every house.



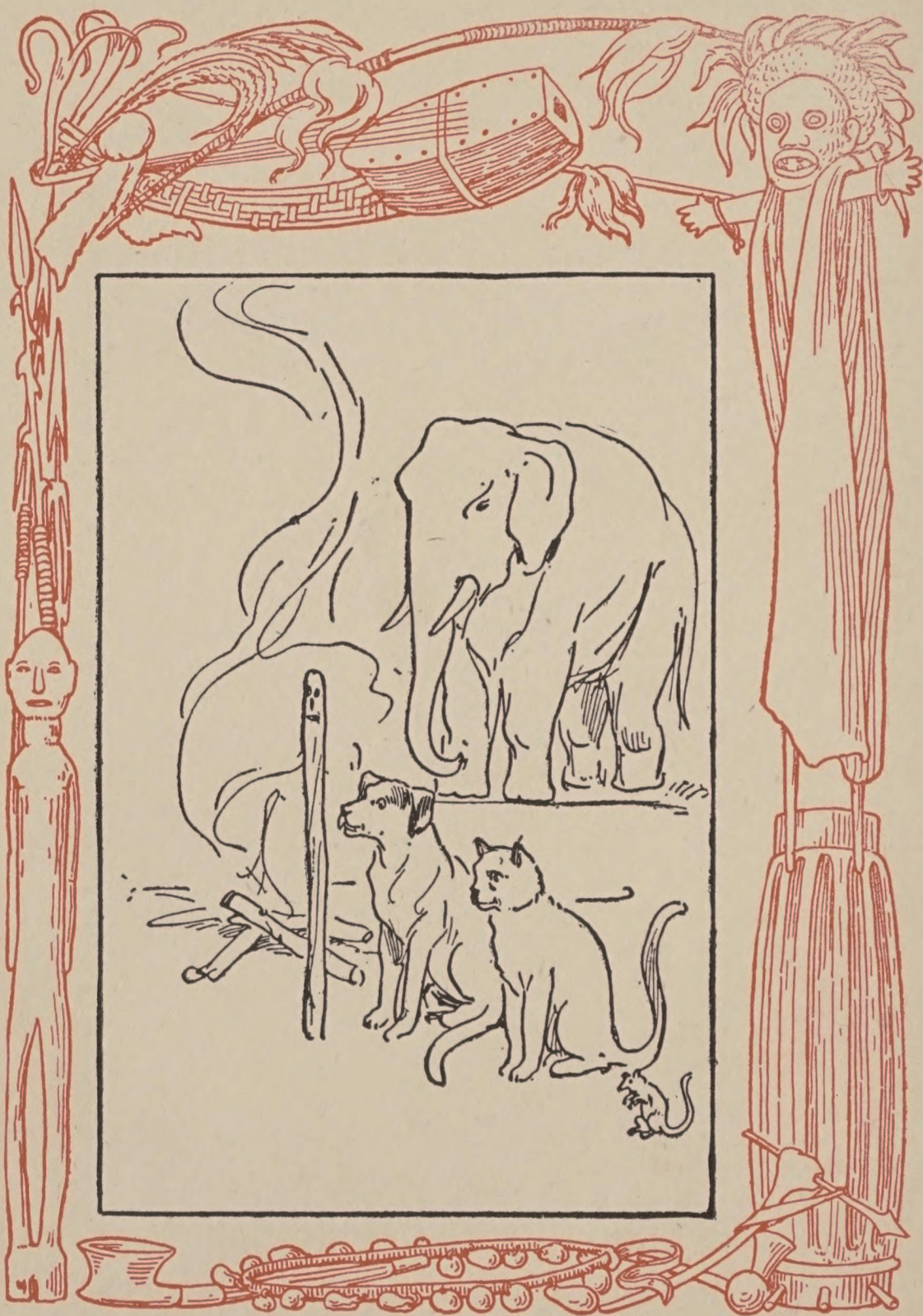


# KING MUNGO











## King Mungo

Probably the mischief making propensities of the Jackal have never been better set forth than in this relation of certain happenings in the realm of King Mungo.



**A** WISE old baboon was King Mungo —not quite so wise, perhaps, as he imagined, which is often the case with many of us; but quite sensible enough to be a good ruler over his part of the forest.

He could swing himself from one branch to another, by his long arms, nearly as quickly as

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## KING MUNGO

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lightning, and could run so fast and far that no one could catch him.



At this time, King Mungo walked on two legs, and he was respected for this more than anything else. But you will soon see that this is the sad story

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of how he, and all the baboons after him, lost the power of walking erect, and had to go on all fours, like the rest of the animals.



Of all King Mungo's subjects, the largest was an elephant, and the smallest one an ant. Besides these, his kingdom contained a dog, a cat, a mouse,

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## KING MUNGO

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a pool of water, a stick, and a fire lit among the brambles.

Of course, you have seen water put out fire, with a great fizz and splutter; but the strange thing about King Mungo's fire was that however much water was thrown on the fire, the fire burned all the better for it. King Mungo said, "That's because they are friends."

And so it went on. The cat would never bite the mouse; and the cat and the dog played nicely together. The stick went quietly about its business without beating the dog; and the ant never even dreamed of giving the elephant a nip.

They all lived in peace and harmony together until one day a wretched little tailor, named Klit, came to the King to complain of the holes some one had made in his cloth.

You know how often it is, just when we are enjoying ourselves most, somebody comes and interferes, and spoils things. It was just like that in King Mungo's kingdom. They were all as happy

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as they could be, when Klit, the tailor, brought the King a piece of cloth with six holes in it.

“I must have satisfaction, Your Majesty,” he said. “I thought the mouse had done this, but she



blames the cat, and the cat says she saw my cloth in the dog's mouth.

“But the dog says it was the stick; the stick declares it was the fire; and the fire says the water did it. The water denies it, and says the elephant

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tore the cloth; and the elephant lays the blame on the ant."

King Mungo put on his most judicial air. "Well" he said.

"As long as they are all quarreling about it," continued the tailor, "I suggest, Your Majesty, that you bring them together and try them, so that we may find out the truth."

"Dear me! Quarreling? Why, such a thing has never happened before. Pray take a seat; I will talk it over with my Prime Minister, and see what can be done. Quarreling! Well!"

So Klit sat down cross-legged on the grass, and pulled out his thimble and thread.

"Here, here! Don't darn the holes. What are you thinking about? If you darn them, they'll say there never were any," said the wise baboon.

"Whatever you do, don't consult your Prime Minister," retorted the tailor. "He is sure to give you some foolish advice."

Now King Mungo was very much annoyed at this. He had great faith in the jackal, who was his

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## KING MUNGO

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Prime Minister; and besides, like other royal personages, he did not like to be addressed in a rude and familiar manner.

However, what the tailor said was true. The jackal was a mischievous fellow, and people who



took his advice were generally sorry for it afterwards.

But King Mungo told his Prime Minister what had happened, and they consulted together for a long time. Then the King nodded his head, and the jackal went off to assemble his subjects.

So they all appeared before the King. There

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## KING MUNGO

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was the little brown mouse, the cat, the black curly dog, the stick, and next to the stick the fire was burning, and at the other side of the fire was the pool of water. Beyond the water stood the elephant, and next to him, on the top of a blade of grass, was a tiny black ant.

Then King Mungo began. "Klit," he said, "hold up your cloth."

"Yes, Your Majesty," and the tailor held up the cloth, and there were six round holes in it.

"Now tell me which of you has done this," commanded the King.

"The mouse!" cried Klit.

"The cat!" squeaked the mouse.

"The dog!" said the cat.

"The stick!" growled the dog.

"The fire!" shouted the stick.

"The water!" hissed the fire.

"The elephant!" roared the water.

"The ant!" trumpeted the elephant.

"Your Majesty," said the jackal, "you see, none of them will confess."

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## KING MUNGO

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"Silence!" commanded the King. "The best thing will be for them to punish each other. Klit, you accuse the mouse?"

"I do, Your Majesty," answered the tailor.

"Then, cat, bite the mouse!"

And the cat bit the mouse as hard as she could.

"Where are you, mouse? Do you accuse the cat?"



"I certainly do," squeaked the mouse.

"Here, dog, bite the cat!"

The dog growled and buried his teeth in the cat's fur.

"Now, cat, you accuse the dog?"

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“Your Majesty, I accuse the dog.”

“Stick, beat the dog!”

“It was the fire that did it,” said the stick in a sulky tone.

“Then, fire, burn the stick!

“Water, put out the fire!

“Elephant, drink the water!



“Ant, bite the elephant!” commanded the King.

“Just think of it!” cried the jackal, capering about with delight. “There will be no peace in this kingdom for many a long day.”

Now you see what a mischievous rascal the jackal was, for it turned out just as he wanted it to. From that time to this, the cat has always bitten the

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mouse; the dog the cat, and the ant the elephant; while fire has burned wood, and water quenched fire.

“Thanks to your advice, I have made a nice mess of it,” said the King to his Prime Minister.

But that was not the worst of it. As a punishment for his foolishness, King Mungo lost the power of walking on two legs, and had to go on all fours like the rest of the animals.

He lost his name of Mungo, too; and since then he and all of his race have been called just baboons.





UNCLE LION











## Uncle Lion

Providing the circumstance from which the phrase "Taking the Lion's Share" has been derived. Inferentially all other accounts are inaccurate.



ALWAYS when the lion went out hunting he took Kanja, the jackal, with him, for Kanja was a much better hunter than he.

But whenever the jackal had killed the game, he would say, "That is mine, Uncle Lion!" Then the lion would look at him with such an angry glare that Kanja

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## UNCLE LION

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would contradict himself at once, and say, "No, it is yours, of course!" Then Uncle Lion would eat it up, and Kanja would go hungry.

"You see, I only take the lion's share," Uncle Lion would explain.

"Yes, I have noticed it," replied the jackal.



"What is your idea of the lion's share?" asked the lion, with one eye on Kanja.

"Everything, Uncle Lion," answered poor Kanja.

"Very well. You shall hunt with me again tomorrow," said the lion approvingly.

When the next day came, however, Kanja

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## UNCLE LION

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avoided Uncle Lion, and went off to hunt on his own account.

After a while he met a friend of his, the leopard, flying across the plains as though a dozen hunters were after him.



“What seems to be the matter?” asked the jackal.

“I am really in a hurry,” replied the leopard. “Don’t stop me. There is a terrible beast looking out of the door of a hut, a little way back! It has great horns and is four times as big as you. I must be going.”

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## UNCLE LION

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“But wait a minute!” said the jackal, and caught hold of the leopard, and insisted on hearing more about the creature which had frightened him.

In a minute he began to laugh. “Why, it is only a ram!” he cried. “He can’t do you any harm. We will go and catch him for dinner. I am almost starved.”

Kanja found it rather hard work to persuade him, but at last, when the leopard heard how badly the lion had treated his friend the day before, he agreed to go with him.

“But you must tie me to you,” said the leopard, with his teeth chattering. “I shall be sure to run when I see him.”

So Kanja fastened a leather thong around both their bodies, and dragged him along at a great rate. “Don’t let Uncle Lion catch us,” he whispered, looking from side to side. “If he took the lion’s share this time, I should die of hunger.”

When the ram saw them coming, he was more frightened than the leopard had been, so he ran back to the hut and told his wife.

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## UNCLE LION

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"I don't know what we are going to do," he cried. "Kanja and his friend the leopard are coming to devour us!"

"Oh, that's nonsense!" answered his wife. "Here take the child and go out to meet them." Then she gave him their little kid, and told him to pinch it and make it cry.

"But I don't understand," said her husband, who was really very stupid.

"Do just as I tell you," said his wife. "You must shout in a terrible tone, 'Just in time! Just in time! My child is crying for food!' Then you'll see what will happen!"

When the leopard saw the ram, with his terrible horns coming towards them, he would have run away there and then if the jackal had not pulled him forward. Just then the ram gave his child a pinch, and the little kid began to cry.

"I am glad to see you, Kanja," he cried. "You have brought the leopard just in time. My child is crying for food."

"This is no place for me!" cried the leopard. "Let

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## UNCLE LION

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us be off." And so they both tugged at the leather thong, Kanja determined to go on, and the leopard to go back.

But the leopard was much the stronger, and in a minute or two he was dragging the jackal along at a terrible pace. They rushed on and on, until



they were out of sight of the ram, and then Kanja fell down exhausted. He was too faint with hunger to go any farther, but the leopard, who could not get over his fright, unfastened the thong and went on.

After a while, a wagon loaded with fish came

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## UNCLE LION

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past, and as it was going very slowly, the jackal tried to jump into it from behind.

“Even fish is better than nothing,” he said to himself, but he was too weak to manage it, and the wagon passed along.



But there was another following it at a little distance, and this time Kanja stretched himself in front of it as though he were dead.

“What is this?” said the driver, when he saw the

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## UNCLE LION

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jackal stretched out in the road. "His skin will make a nice cloak for my daughter."

So the driver picked him up and threw him into the wagon, which was exactly what Kanja wanted. He had no idea of being made into a cloak for the driver's daughter, but he did wish to be near the fish.

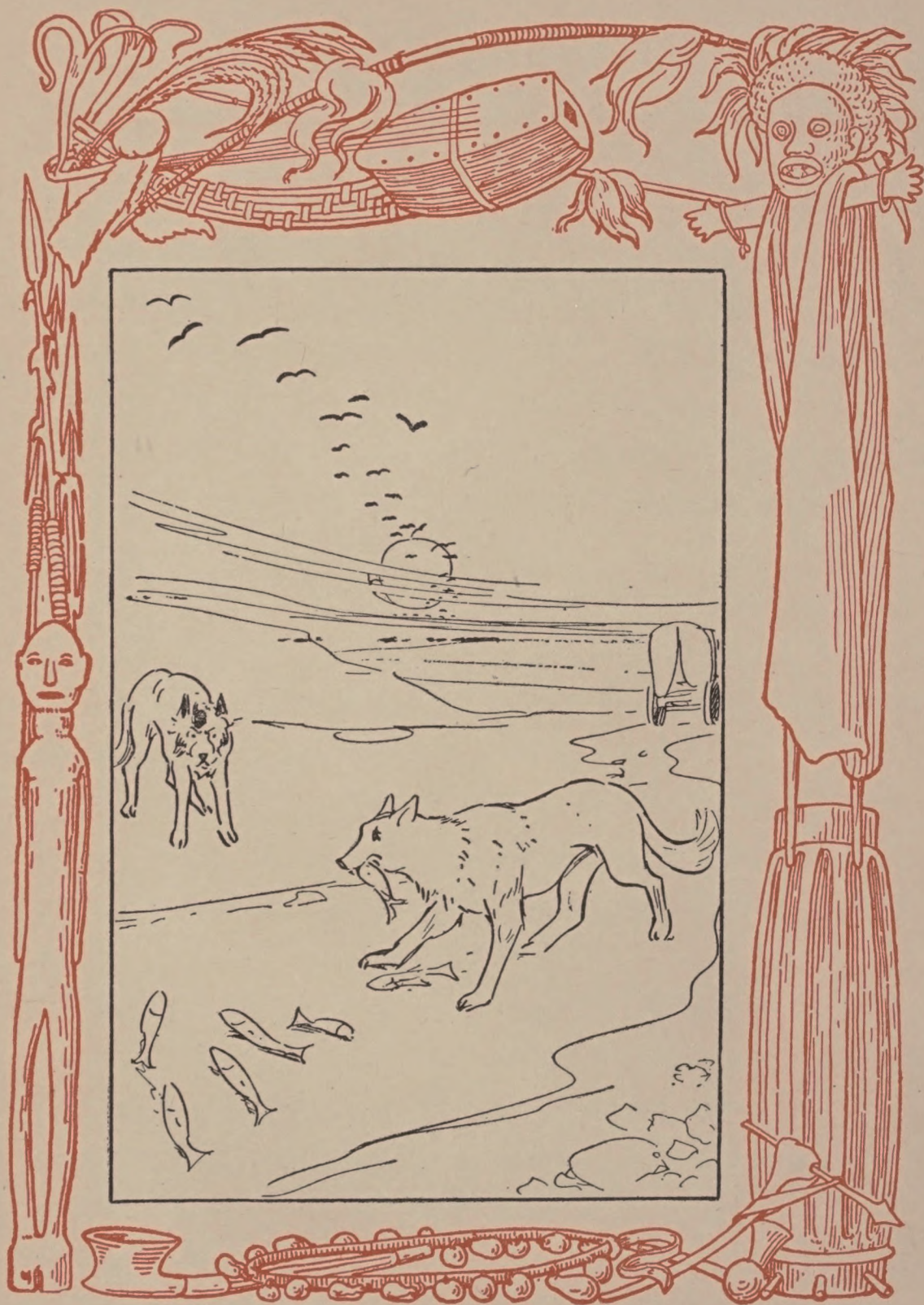
When Kanja had satisfied his hunger, he began to throw the fish out into the road, one by one. The daylight failed and the moon rose, but he was still busy with this, until the fishes lay like a silver streak as far along the track as he could see.

At last he jumped out of the wagon. "Four hundred!" he cried. "One for every day in the year, and thirty-five over. Now I must carry them to a place where Uncle Lion won't find them."

But while he was collecting them, a hyena came up and ate as many as she wanted without asking his permission.

"Here, you! Leave my fish alone!" cried Kanja angrily.

"They are no more your fish than mine," replied





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the hyena. "Your fish, indeed! Why they have fallen out of the wagon."

Kanja was too much annoyed to speak, so he went on gathering up the fish, and thinking of a way to punish her.

"There is another wagon coming," he said at last. "Lie down in the road, and you will get as many fish as I did."

The hyena opened her eyes. "Really?" she asked.

"Really. But you must keep perfectly still. Pretend to be dead."

The fur of a hyena is not soft and silky like that of a jackal, so when the driver saw her stretched out in front of the wagon, he kicked her out of the way.

"Great, ugly thing!" he said. "What is it doing here?" Then he looked around for a stick to beat her with, and as she moved a little he cried out, "Oh, she's not dead at all. Get up, you stupid, and be off!"

After the wagon had gone on, the hyena limped

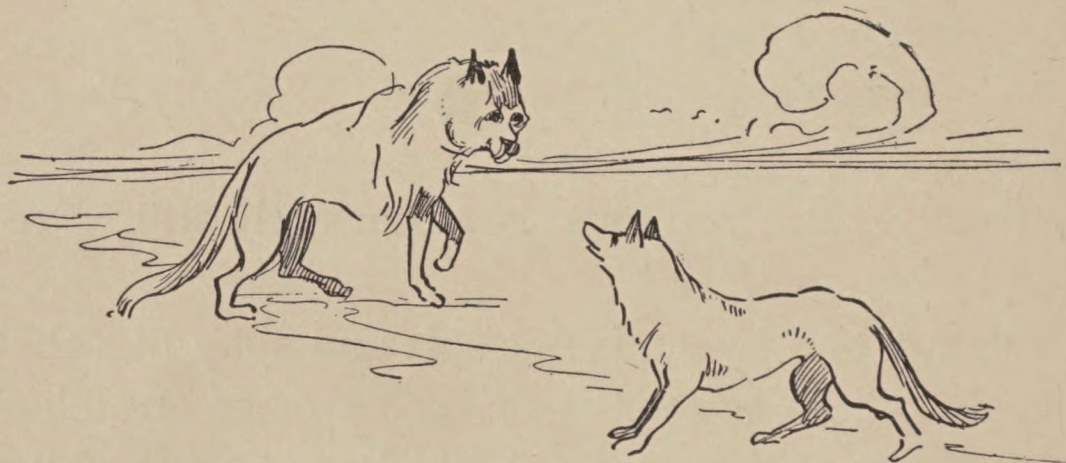
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away to tell Kanja what had happened. "There was no fish," she said, "and I am beaten to a jelly."

"You have probably made some mistake," said the jackal politely. "Are you sure you laid perfectly still?" he asked, "and right in the middle of the track?"



"I lay perfectly still in the middle of the track," replied the hyena.

"Then it must be that the driver didn't think you handsome enough to make a cloak. That's it, dear friend. Your want of beauty is your misfortune and not your fault," said Kanja in a sympathetic tone.

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“It certainly is a great misfortune to be plain,” sighed the hyena, with tears in her eyes.

“But it is a still greater one to be stupid!” added Kanja, as he ran off with another fish in his mouth.

“I wonder what he meant?” said the hyena to herself.







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